

WHOLESALE WORK.

Five Men to Die in New York on Friday.

GETTING THE GALLOW'S READY.

Brief Resume of the Crimes for Which They Are to be Sacrificed—Pictures of the Victims.

Five men in Murderers' row in the New York Tombs look forward to Aug. 23 with horror.



PACKENHAM.

place prior to that date and they will consequently die by the old method.

Patrick Pakenham, who has been a victim to the cup, cut his wife's throat because she would not furnish him with money to buy liquor.



CHARLES GIBLIN.

Jack Lewis (colored) took exception to the action of Alice Jackson (mulatto) in refusing to live with him any longer and shot her.



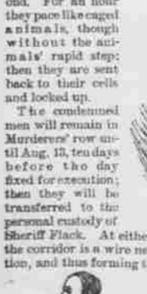
JACK LEWIS.

James Nolan's case is similar to that of Lewis. He shot Mrs. Emma Buch because she would not live with him longer.



JAMES NOLAN.

Ferdinand Carolin killed his wife when under the influence of liquor. He struck her on the head with an ax.



FERDINAND CAROLIN.

These men were sentenced to die about the beginning of the present year. They appealed, and all their appeals were overruled. The judges, whose duty it was to sentence them, by coincidence fixed the same day of execution for all. There is always hope with condemned men, and the five doomed to die on Aug. 23 are no exception to the rule.

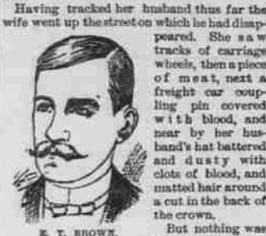


BROWN IS HIMSELF AGAIN.

He Disappeared Early in the Present Year and Returning Tells a Strange Story.

On the evening of Jan. 30, 1889, Mr. E. T. Brown, of Wichita, Kan., left his home to be absent a short time. He did not return. His wife, after passing the night in great apprehension, drove to a billiard hall where her husband sometimes went to play. The proprietor said that Mr. Brown had left the bar about 9 o'clock the evening before. A butcher said that the missing man had bought a piece of meat of him and taken a stroll out to the

same. No driver or the car was found, who said that Brown had ridden to a crossing and then got out and disappeared in the darkness.



E. T. BROWN.

Having tracked her husband thus far the wife went up the street on which he had disappeared. She saw tracks of carriage wheels, then a piece of meat, next a freight car coupling pin covered with blood, and near by her husband's hat battered and dusty with clots of blood, and matted hair around a cut in the back of the crown.

But nothing was learned further of Mr. Brown. At first it was believed he had been murdered. Then people began to hint that he was bankrupt and had run away.

Six months passed. The wife believed her husband dead. She had opened a school and was supporting herself and her children. On the 23rd of July, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a man whom Mrs. Brown supposed to be a tramp went to the rear of her house and asked for bread from her. She gave him some and then looked the door in his face. Then she called to a neighbor to drive the tramp away. The supposed tramp meanwhile staggered to the barn, where he devoured his bread; then he crawled back to the house. Mrs. Brown looked again at him from the window. This time she recognized her husband.

Brown had come back, but without his reason. His clothes were tattered, and on the back of his head was a scar. He was emaciated, his hair and beard were long and matted; indeed, he was a picture of misery. He recognized his wife, but gave no evidence of being able to bridge the dark gap of the past half year.

ABOUT FRANK JAMES.

He Has Consumption, but He Is Still a Road Man.

A gentleman who recently returned from Dallas, Tex., says of Frank James, the brother of the dead outlaw, Jesse:

"He is afflicted with consumption, and it is only a question of time until he dies. The strain upon him must be something terrible, as he is ever on the alert, not knowing at what time nor from what direction trouble may come to him. I heard him say once, in a semi-confidential way, that he trusted no man living. 'I know the world is against me and I am always prepared,' were his words.

"When introduced he invariably places his hands in his pantaloons pockets, and simply bowing acknowledges the introduction by saying: 'I am glad to know you, sir.'

"When his hands are shoved into these pockets they grab two ugly looking guns," continued the gentleman. "They are always in his pants pockets. His eyes are small and piercing. Not long ago he went into a big saloon in Dallas, owned by Tom Angus, who has the reputation of being a bad man himself. Years ago, it was claimed by James, Angus tipped off the James gang to the police. James had one of his bad spells that day, and, with his hands in his pockets, he walked up to Angus. Such a scolding I never heard in my life, and all the time Frank James' eyes glittered like a cat as he watched every move of the man."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Scene in the 43rd Congress.

Member from Massachusetts (rising to address the chair)—Mr. Speaker, I object to this yeas motion to adjourn, for the reason that she would not live with him longer.

The Speaker (mildly interrupting)—The gentleman from Massachusetts is out of order. A motion to adjourn is not debatable.

Member from Massachusetts (fiercely)—I reckon the rules kin be suspended, can't they?

The Speaker—By unanimous consent, of course.

Member from Massachusetts (taking off his coat)—I don't reckon nobody's goin' to object.

The Speaker (in some haste)—The chair hears no objections.

(Extract from Congressional Record of next morning: The gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Sullivan) then proceeded to argue at some length against adjournment, etc.)—Chicago Tribune.

Not Hard Enough to Bite.

Mrs. Speaker—O, William, William, why do you drink!

Speaker—Well, Maria, I'll (hic) tell you. It's (hic) because the blamed (hic) stuff is (hic) liquid.—Lawrence American.

A Woman Steamboat Pilot.

America has only one female steamboat pilot, and she is Mrs. Callie L. French, a Cincinnati woman, the wife of Capt. A. R. French. She is duly licensed as a pilot from Vicksburg to New Orleans and the Atchafalaya river and its tributaries, being registered at New Orleans.

Mrs. French was born in Jackson county, O., is 28 years of age, an expert swimmer, and is a brunette of slender figure. She has also acted as a pilot for twelve years on the Mississippi river, so her experience is by no means limited. Her husband, a thorough waterman, introduced her to the mysteries of the river, and she has proved an apt pupil.

Newspaper readers will remember that Mrs. Mary Miller some years ago applied for a captain's license.

After some questioning as to whether it was competent for a lady to have a license, the authorities at Washington decided that if she was competent and had a good moral character there was no reason why she could not act in any capacity she was able to fill.

Mr. and Mrs. French make their home in the east end of Cincinnati, though she now handles the wheel on one of the largest steamboats plying between Vicksburg and New Orleans.

The following named gentlemen signed Mrs. French's application for license as a pilot: Capt. Whitton, the present commander of the Guiding Star; Capt. J. D. Hegler, her owner; Capt. Thomas Goode, son of the manager of the Mississippi Transportation company; Capt. Wm. Conners and others.

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